

The Yolo Democrat.

With Half-Sheet Supplement.
MAKING SIX PAGES EVERY WEEK.

WOODLAND, CAL.
Friday, Nov. 21st, 1873.

DEATH OF JOHN P. HALE.—Ex-United States Senator John P. Hale died at his residence in Dover, New Hampshire, on the 18th instant, in the 60th year of his age.

MURDERED.—In Napa last Saturday evening a man named Day stabbed another named Thomas killing him almost instantly. It was the result of drinking and gambling.

WOMEN ELECTED.—In twenty-nine counties in Illinois women were candidates at the last election for the office of Superintendent of County Schools. Eleven of these candidates were elected.

DEDICATION BALL.—A ball will be given in the new school-house at Knight's Landing, on Friday evening, December 6th, for the benefit of the School fund. The public are respectfully invited.

DEATH.—Mrs. Bigler, widow of the late ex-Governor Bigler, died suddenly in Sacramento on Saturday evening. The entire family—father, wife and daughter have all died within a period of about two years.

RETURNED.—Our old friend and patron Fred Werner, of Davisville, has just returned from a lengthy visit to his old home in Germany. He says the condition of the people in the old country has improved greatly, but he prefers California after all.

WHICH?—The Yolo Mail, speaking of the Senatorial contest, says Casper is almost entirely out of the fight; while the Sacramento Bee and several other prominent Republican papers say that Booth is virtually out of the fight. Which is correct? The public will judge which statement is most entitled to credit.

SOLANO.—A special election has been ordered in Solano county on the 16th of December, for county Judge, the two candidates having tied at the former election. We learn from the Examiner correspondent that the county seat removal question is becoming very bitter. A public meeting to discuss the question will be held at Dixon to-morrow, 22d.

DEATH OF A PUBLISHER.—Thos. McGee, editor of the Callisto Tribune, died on the 12th instant of softening of the brain. He was a native of New York, aged 47 years. Deceased was an old Californian, and was well known to nearly every printer in the State. His remains were taken to Lone Mountain Cemetery to be buried beside those of many of his early-day companions.

NEW MUSIC.—We have just received the following new music from M. Gray, 625-25 Clay St., San Francisco: There's a Letter in the Candle, song and chorus; My Gal, schottische; First Kiss, waltz; Hark the Angels Sweetly Singing, a new ballad; My Cottage Timmed with Roses, new ballad—all published by M. Gray as above. These or any other pieces promptly forwarded on receipt of order.

PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY.—O. S. Fowler, the great New York Phrenologist, advises to lecture at Washington Hall in this place on Monday and Tuesday evenings and Wednesday afternoon, on Life, Health, and the Relation of the Sexes, etc., from a phrenological and scientific standpoint. Each lecture on different subjects. For particulars see advertisement. Mr. Fowler is one of the oldest as well as one of the best and most interesting lecturers in this country.

DEMOCRAT'S YOUNG AMERICA for December is full of Christmas novelties, with other entertaining features for the juveniles. Some rare attractions are promised for the New Year, among which is a beautiful Chromo and a series of graphic cartoons illustrating the evils of intemperance, with sketches by Dr. Deems. Young America is to be offered at \$1.00 hereafter, with a beautiful Oil Chromo to each subscriber as a premium. Address W. Jennings Demorest, 838 Broadway, New York.

DEMOCRAT.—The December No. of Demorest's Monthly Magazine is sparkling with Holiday Material, Holiday Fashions, Holiday Stories, Household Matters for the Holidays, Holiday Poems, etc. But the most attractive of its Holiday features is the offer of the large and truly beautiful Oil Chromo, "The Old Oaken Bucket," to each subscriber as a Holiday Present. It is 17 x 26 inches in size, one of the best and most popular Chromos ever published, and yet is presented free to each \$3 yearly subscriber for 1874. This shows all other premiums in the shade. What next? Address, W. Jennings Demorest, 838 Broadway, New York.

YOUNG FOLKS' BUREAU.—Those who wish a source of supply of dialogues, declamations, etc., for school and social uses, will find just what they wish, besides a great quantity of instructive and entertaining material of all sorts. In that novelty among young people's publications, the *Young Folks' Bureau*. The best way, if you have not seen it, is to procure a number as a sample (which will be sent postpaid for ten cents, for such purpose), and after a look at its sixteen bright and beautiful pages, we believe you cannot help but subscribe for 1874. It is \$1.50 per year; published by H. N. F. Lewis, of Chicago, who is also publisher of the *Western Rural*.

Judge Johnson in Print.

Some men are extremely unfortunate in political maneuvering, and such we are sorry to find is the case with our old time friend and political associate, Judge Johnson, who seems to miss his mark every time he takes aim. One reason of this probably is that he shoots in so many different directions. But the worst blunder the Judge has yet made, as it seems to us, is in attempting to defend the salary of Governor Booth, which he does in the last issue of the *Mail*. The Judge would have the people think that Booth is doing no more than his predecessors have done in taking the \$1,000 a year as a member of the Board of Examiners, but he does not bring a particle of proof to show that either of his predecessors ever received it—either that or any other amount in addition to their salary. And the Judge ignores entirely the Constitutional prohibition heretofore cited by us, Sec. 21, Art. 25 of that instrument says the salary of the Governor (and other officers) "shall not be increased or diminished during the term for which they have been elected." He also ignores the law of 1861, which was in force until the passage of the Codes, and which provides—page 301: Sec. 1 says there shall be paid "To the Governor \$7,000 per annum," and section 2 says: "None of the officers enumerated in section 1 of this Act shall receive any other compensation whatever for any duties that are now, or may hereafter be, required of them by law, than such as is fixed by this Act."

No, Judge, it seems to us to be very bad policy to allow an inordinate desire for office, political or judicial, either at the hands of the people or by appointment, to so far influence a person as to induce him to try to bolster up so bad and unscrupulous a thing as Booth's salary steal. And even if the Governor's predecessor had been guilty, as is intimated, that would not justify him in committing a palpable wrong, a willful violation of the provisions of the State Constitution. The Judge will excuse us for differing with him; and though we are no lawyer nor the son of a lawyer, the truth is plain and must and shall be made known to this people.

WHAT EASTERN FOLKS THINK.—They think that when they have viewed the Great Niagara Falls, walked the streets of New York City, passed over the Natural Bridge in Virginia and ransacked the Capital of the United States, they have seen the World. How mistaken are they, could they only find it out, could they but gaze upon the massive frowning rocks at the Devil's Gate, the swiftly flowing stream far below, which rolls and tumbles over mighty rocks that in the dim distance seem to be but little pebbles, and look at the waters dancing as though in great glee two thousand five hundred feet below them. They would shudder at the scene while passing around "Cape Horn," and how they would feast their eyes on the Yo Semite Falls 2384 feet in height. Could our Eastern friends behold such scenes as these they certainly would be compelled to acknowledge that the world they formerly saw was but a fraction of what they had the pleasure of seeing in the Western country. They also think that their side is the garden of the world. How I pity them for their ignorance and would entreat them to read did not know how little justice the pen can do our Western Land. Let them cross the Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains, then they will find out their mistake. They cannot fall to find trout in descending this side of the Sierras, where their wondering eyes will behold, after leaving their frozen-up country, fresh green gardens in the valleys of the mountains, and trees the leaves of which have not been bitten by the frost; and while passing through the State of California they see the farmers ploughing and sowing without thought of a cold and biting winter, which the downeaster has been dreading, growing about, and preparing for. They imagine that the Western people are not refined in their habits. Strange imagination that, and still there are plenty of people coming from the East who expect to land among a lot of half civilized people who would rather fight than eat, and even go so far as to prepare themselves with revolvers and dirk knives, articles which in all probability a man of respectable character would not have use for during a whole lifetime.

THE \$20,000 RACE.—The Bee on Saturday gave an account of the great race near San Francisco, and the result of the first heat—Joe Daniels winning it in 7:45. True Blue second, Thad Stevens third and Mamie Hall distanced. For the second heat Thad still was the choice in the pools at large odds. This heat was won by True Blue, Daniels second, Thad barely saving his distance. The result of the second heat sent the old California horse down in the pools, True Blue being the favorite. Stevens took the lead in the third heat, and maintained it throughout. In the third mile of the heat True Blue suddenly stopped, having suffered a severe twist of the off hind leg, which probably disabled him for life. Thad won the heat in 7:57, and immediately rose in the pools. The fourth heat was easily won by Thad Stevens in 8:20, who was awarded the race and first money, \$15,000, amid the wildest excitement.

EPISCOPAL SERVICES.—Rev. W. H. Hill will hold Episcopal services at Templar Hall on Sunday next at 11 and 3 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

Inside View on the Overland Train.

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST."

CACHE CREEK, Nov. 17th, 1873.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—About two weeks ago I came to the conclusion that I would "go West." Little did I dream at that time of the real meaning of those simple words "go West," but I took the train with a light heart, thinking of nothing but the great pleasure of seeing the beautiful fruitful State of California. I had no idea of meeting any persons sharper than myself. From Toronto to Chicago, and from Chicago to Council Bluffs, all went as smoothly as I had expected; but no sooner had I crossed the bridge which spans the noble Missouri River at the last named place, and landed in the city of Omaha, than a swarm of sharpers—three-card monte players, pickpockets and the like, fell upon my car, aroused my senses and caused me to feel the uncomfortable sensation that a man experiences when he gets into a crowd that is too sharp for him. Every minute seemed like an hour, made longer by the sight of notices posted up in the station to "beware of sharpers and gamblers," and right glad was I when the snorting engine rolled along that was to bear me to my destination, thinking, as green Down-Easters are liable to, that when once upon the train I would be all right. The train came up, I stepped aboard, and to my horror I saw an elegantly printed and framed notice to "beware of sharpers and gamblers." I felt that I could not sleep a wink that night, and remarked to a person near me that I was afraid some of these sharpers would do me an injury, as I had never seen one and could not distinguish them from men of truth. He laughed and said that he was a green-looking man, who dropped into the first vacant seat he met with, saying as he did so, "I never see such fellows as them in that car back there." Soon the attention of all in the car was turned to this apparent greeny. A conversation followed, in which the stranger proved very plainly to our ignorant brains that he was as green as he looked to be, and when a passenger remarked that this crowd did not mind this crowd so much as he did one he got into at Omaha, where it cost him \$300 to get out of it, and then went on to explain how a person was betting the crowd that no one could guess which was a certain card of three which he was playing with. At this crisis we all made sport of him for being sucked in by a three-card monte player. "Well," said he, "you may laugh, but it seemed plain enough to me, and I stepped forward saying, 'see here, boss,' I will bet you a dollar I can turn up the card with the man on." The card-man looked at me as though he would eat me up, and said: "If you have no more money than a dollar you had better keep it." This made me a little mad; I said: "put down your stamps and I will bet as much as you will, when he hauled out three hundred dollars; I covered it, turned the card and missed it! But the three-card man gave me a set of cards, and told me I could learn the trick in three years, and I'll miss my calculations if I don't bet my neighbor Ben Sikes, down in Kentucky, out of forty head of cattle when I go back. 'I will bet you the cards,' and he took them out, showed them to me, and said: 'now I will play you a game just for fun; I don't want anything though.' We all gathered around him, and he nearly every one in the car cried the cards, just for fun. 'Well now,' said our supposed greeny, 'I will bet you five dollars I can address another stranger; stranger No. 3, took him up and won the stake. 'Well,' said the greeny, 'I won't play with you any more, you are too sharp for me; but I will bet you a dollar that I can address stranger No. 3.' Stranger No. 3 took him up and won the stake. 'Well,' said stranger No. 1, 'I thought I was sure of it that time; I thought I was before you. Now, see here, I'll bet I won't; I won't bet you no more; but I'll bet you twenty dollars,' addressing stranger No. 4; stranger No. 4 did as the rest did when No. 1 declared he would try to get it back this time, bet seventy dollars with one of our carmates, and some smaller bets with other passengers, winning the stakes. Then, for the first time, did a number of the passengers find out who they were betting with, though I suspected it as soon as I saw the cards, and can truly say I did not bet with the sharpers, although he was the first one I had ever met with.

Did you, young man, never see black paper to be white, white proven to be black? If not, then I'll bet you \$100 for the scenery; 'go west' for the learning; 'go west' for the money. But do not bet with Kentucky greenhorns. You had better stay East than do that.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—The Governor has issued his proclamation for Thanksgiving Day, as follows: "WHEREAS, the President of the United States, in conformity with a proclamation by the President of the United States, and in keeping with a custom sanctioned alike by time and propriety, I hereby appoint Thursday, November 27th instant, Thanksgiving Day; and in pursuance of the duty which I feel it my duty to perform, I hereby request the people of the State to abstain as far as practicable from their ordinary business pursuits upon said day, and to devote it to family and friendly reunions, to innocent recreations, to a generous remembrance of the poor and unfortunate, to the forgiveness of injuries and reconciliation with enemies, and to a grateful acknowledgment of blessings received from the Giver of all good."

In testimony whereof I hereto set my hand and cause the Great Seal of the State to be affixed, at Sacramento, California, this sixth day of November, A. D. 1873.

[SEAL] NEWTON BOOTH, Governor.

Attest: DUKY MELONE, Sec'y of State.

THE GRANGERS in the United States had 7,933 Granges on the first of this month. Such a growth is unparalleled in the history of secret societies.

New Advertisements.

PROF. O. S. FOWLER,

OF NEW YORK,

WILL LECTURE

WASHINGTON HALL,

Monday Evening, Nov. 24th.

At Half-past Seven o'clock, on

Life, Health & Self-Culture,

AS TAUGHT BY PHRENOLOGY.

TUESDAY EVENING, Nov. 25th.

ON MAN'S SOCIAL NATURE, LOVE

AND MARRIAGE;

WEDNESDAY, at 2 P.M., to

ON FEMALE HEALTH AND BEAUTY,

Illustrated by French Female Models.

And at 7:30, to Gents,

ON MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD, OR

SEXUAL SCIENCE,

ALSO ILLUSTRATED.

Admission, 50c; Course Tickets, \$1.00.

For Consultations as to your own and

your family's Phrenology, Business, Im-

provements, etc., at CHARTS' HOTEL, 111

November 27th only. no21-2

BAKER & HAMILTON,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS

Agricultural Implements

MACHINES,

SACRAMENTO

AND

SAN FRANCISCO.

Offer to the trade the

MOST COMPLETE STOCK

Of Goods ever in the Market.

Sweepstake Gang Plows,

Eureka Gang Plows,

Single Plows, Iron and Steel,

Harrows,

Cultivators,

Seed Sowers,

Feed Mills,

Corn Planters,

Grain Drills.

We are Exclusive Agents for the

Statesman Force Feed Drill

AND THE

WINNEBAGO SEEDER AND CULTIVATOR.

Farmers should send for our LIST OF PRICES

before buying elsewhere.

The celebrated

BAIN WAGON!

Which has given universal satisfaction as the

Best Farm Wagon in use, can be had

ONLY from us or our agents. no21-3

THE SUN.

WEEKLY, SEMI-WEEKLY, AND DAILY.

THE WEEKLY SUN is too widely known to

require any extended recommendation; but

the reasons which have already given it fifty

thousand subscribers, and which will,

in a few years, make it a clear and indis-

putable success, are as follows:

It is a first-class newspaper. All the news of

the day will be found in it, condensed with

unimportant, at full length when of moment,

and always presented in a clear, concise

and interesting manner.

It is a first-class story paper. The best tales

most delicate and scrupulously chosen, and

fully selected and legibly printed in its pages.

It is a first-class agricultural paper. The best

and most complete and reliable information on ag-

ricultural topics regularly appear in this de-

partment.

It is an independent political paper, belong-

ing to no party and wearing no collar. It fights

for principle, and for the rights of the best

man to office. It especially devotes its en-

ergies to the exposure of the great corruptions

that weaken and disgrace our country.

We all agree to support the cause of the

people, and we all agree to support the

cause of the people, and we all agree to

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New Advertisements.

The Sacramento Valley Re-

clamation Company.

Location of principal place of business:

San Francisco, California.

THERE IS DELINQUENCY UPON THE

following described stock, on account of

assessments levied on the 25th day of

October, 1873, the several amounts set

opposite the names of the respective shareholders,

as follows:

Name of Shareholder	No. of Shares	Amount
J. H. Sterns	11	\$750.00
Chas. E. McLean	12	1200.00
John Hewston, Jr.	14	1000.00
C. H. Day	15	751.18
E. A. Richardson, Trustee	16	1200.00
Wm. Blending	17	1200.00
E. A. Richardson, Trustee	18	1200.00
L. H. Rose	19	21.42
D. Burke	20	181.23
L. R. Foundstone	21	181.23
A. R. Foundstone	22	181.23
Total	132	\$5200.00

And in accordance with law and an order

of the Board of Directors made on the

Fifth day of October, 1873, no many shares of

each parcel of stock as may be necessary will

be sold at the office of the Secretary, 606 Mont-

gomery street, Room No. 16, on

Wednesday, the 2d day of De-

cember, 1873.

At one o'clock P.M. of said day, to pay

delinquent assessments thereon, together with

costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

Witness my hand and the Seal of the

Office No. 606 Montgomery Street, Room

No. 16, on

CREED HAYMOND,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.

Office over GING Mott & Co's, 107

street, Sacramento. Residence, Golden

Eagle Hotel. no21-3m

THANKSGIVING BALL!

WOODLAND LODGE, No. 111,

I. O. O. F.,

WILL GIVE A SOCIAL PARTY AT

WASHINGTON HALL, WOODLAND,

YOLO COUNTY, ON

Friday Evening, Nov. 28.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS,

N. WYCKOFF, D. SCHINDLER,

S. H. ROBERTS, D. N. HERSHEY,

DAVIDSON, D. Reed, J. H. Hornig,

JOHN KIMMER, H. K. Snow, James Mc-

Creedy, John Talbot, D. W. Welby,

DIXON—D. H. Huff, B. N. Brinkley, Herman

Engel, Noble Clark.

KINGSTON LANSING—H. M. Hoyt, John

Woodland—F. S. Freeman, W. G. Hunt, J.

D. Stevens, George Gale,

YOLO COUNTY—John Ely, J. W. Lowery,

John Lang, A. J. Hall,

FLOOR MANAGERS—J. J. Bowman, Henry

Fisher, D. M. Burns, T. P. Magee.

MUSIC BY WOOD & SIMPSON'S BAND.

Supper at the Capital Hotel.

TICKETS, including Supper, \$4.00.

no21-4

LOOK OUT!

IF YOU WANT A GOOD FITTING

BOOT OR SHOE

Made from the best French Calf, then call at

S. Fr. Boot & Shoe Store.

They make them to order, and have always a large

stock of their own make, also

have a large assortment of

the best San Francisco made goods on hand,

and sell

At Very Reasonable Prices!

They warrant to give satisfaction on all their

goods.

SEE THE SAN FRANCISCO

BOOT AND SHOE STORE!

no21-3m

M. W. THOMAS,

The Yolo Democrat.

Friday, Nov. 12th, 1873.

Agents for the Yolo Democrat.

THOMAS BOYCE, L. P. FISHER, BEAN & CO.,
J. W. B. LARK are authorized agents of
this paper at San Francisco.
GEORGE P. BOWELL & Co., 41 Park Row, are
authorized agents in New York.
LOCAL AGENTS:
D. B. GARDY, Agent at Large.
J. J. ANDERSON, Sacramento.
R. R. DORR, Cottonwood.
HARRISON, WILSON & Co., Berkeley.
J. W. SNOWBALL, Knights Landing.
J. A. HALL, Colusa.
J. J. O'NEAL, Davisville.
W. M. GREEN, Washington.

Town and County Matters.

STAR (*) NOTICES in the local column will
hereafter be charged 10 cents a line for the
first, and 5 cents a line for each subsequent
insertion.

FINE DENTAL ROOMS.—Drs. Prather & Plomteux have just overhauled, re-furnished and newly furnished their rooms over the new Bank in a manner and style that does credit to their judgment and good taste, as well as with a view to the comfort and convenience of their patrons. Besides their two operating rooms fitted with the most approved modern dental chairs and every needed kind of instrument, and another room used as a laboratory with all the modern appliances of the profession, their parlor is elegantly furnished and in a style that must have been quite expensive to the enterprising proprietors. So far as we have observed, these rooms compare favorably with any in our city, and we believe the dental work done there will also compare favorably with that of any locality. As a consequence, Messrs. Prather & Plomteux have all the business they can well attend to. These elegant rooms will surely help to increase their business still more. In intelligent enterprise, and, as in this case, generally receives its reward.

SUCCESSFUL HUNTERS.—On Thursday last a party started out from Col. Hall's ranch on the Elk Horn in this county, on a deer hunt. The party consisted of several ladies and gentlemen, each provided with a gun to use in case they came across any game. The ladies were good shots, and they had not been out long when a couple of deer bounded across the road ahead of them and halted. One of the ladies, from San Francisco, immediately took aim, fired and brought down the finest of the pair, the third hit him in the shoulder. The party returned with their venison and with much rejoicing, and celebrated their success with a grand dinner at Elk Horn Ranch, Col. Hall himself doing the honors of host on the occasion.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—Thus far the County Institute has been well attended, nearly every teacher in the county being present and the Court Room being filled by an interested public. A party was given by the teachers at the residence of Mrs. Cross on Wednesday evening, to which we acknowledge receipt of an invitation but were prevented from attending by indisposition. It was largely attended and passed off very pleasantly.

BOARD OF TRADE.—Oakland, Stockton, Gilroy and other towns are following the wake of Sacramento in moving for the establishment of Boards of Trade to aid in the development of local resources and industries. Why does not Woodland do likewise? There is an opportunity for our business men and capitalists to show that they are not to be outdone by other towns.

HORSES, BUGGIES, ETC., AT AUCTION.—Mr. J. M. Walker will sell at public auction twelve head of fine horses, embracing brood and work mares and horses, two trotting horses, buggy, trotting wagon, single and double harness, etc. The sale will take place at Yardley's Stables, Knights Landing, at 1 P. M. Saturday, Nov. 22.

NEW VOLUME.—With this issue commences the seventh volume of the DEMOCRAT. We trust those who are in arrears will take occasion now to pay up promptly. We intend to furnish at least as good a paper in future as during the past year. The sale will take place at Yardley's Stables, Knights Landing, at 1 P. M. Saturday, Nov. 22.

MARRIED.—From cards received we learn that Hon. J. M. Kelly was married at the Southern Hotel St. Louis, Mo., on the 18th instant, to Mrs. H. S. Twyman, a highly accomplished lady formerly of Paris, Mo., but more recently of this county. They will doubtless soon be here again and make Woodland their permanent home.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—We call the attention of those who want first class boots or shoes to the San Francisco Boot and Shoe Store, where they can find the very best boots and shoes that can be made. They employ the best workmen, and make you a splendid fit. Their prices are very reasonable.

RETURNED.—District Attorney elect for this county, F. E. Baker, Esq., has just returned from a visit to his old home in the East. He feels better for the trip, but like all the rest, concludes that there is no country under the sun like California for permanent residence.

F. & A. M.—The members of Woodland Lodge, No. 156, F. & A. M., are hereby notified that the annual meeting for the election of officers will take place on Friday, 28th inst.

By order of the W. M. J. K. SMITH, Sec'y.

ADVENT PREACHING.—Elder J. N. Loughborough will preach in the new church on Third Street, Saturday 23d, at 11 A. M.; and Sunday 24th at 7 P. M. The public are cordially invited.

CHRISTMAS PARTY.—Remember that the Turn Verein Association are to have a grand ball at Christmas, in their new hall.

NEW HAIR TONIC.—Attention is directed to the advertisement of "William's Great Discovery" in another column.

IN GERMAN.—Rev. Mr. Goethe will preach in the German language at the M. E. Church on Sunday, Nov. 30th, at 5 P. M.

Proceedings of Yolo County Teachers' Institute.

WEDNESDAY FORENOON.

Institute met pursuant to call, at the Court House, at 10 A. M. On motion H. W. Fiske was elected Secretary of the Institute with the privilege of selecting his own assistant.

The following persons were enrolled as members of the Institute:
C. H. Ganpette, Cache Creek District;
S. T. DePencier, Eureka; F. A. Pedler, Fillmore; M. Whitford, Cacheville;
Edward Anderson, Willow Slough;
E. S. Brooks, Monument; H. B. Pendegast, Yolo; Miss Kate Kelly, Yolo;
M. L. Templeton, Mrs. M. C. Rosboro, Miss M. E. Freeman, Miss Minnie C. Bell, Miss C. A. Cole, Mrs. A. A. DeLong, Woodland; Miss Alice Jones, Woodland Prairie; Miss A. O. Clark, Spring Lake; George P. Rowe, Buckeye; John A. Brown, Pine Grove; S. C. Stevens, Gordon.

The Superintendent being granted the privilege of appointing persons not present, appointed the following committees. On Resolutions, F. A. Pedler, S. Sturges and H. B. Pendegast. On Introduction, Miss Minnie C. Bell, S. T. DePencier and H. W. Fiske. On Questions, M. Whitford, Mrs. M. C. Rosboro and S. C. Stevens.

On motion, a recess of ten minutes was granted.
On motion, State Superintendent H. N. Bolander, was elected an honorary member of the Institute.

S. C. Stevens, after some preliminary remarks, illustrated his method of teaching Word Analysis. Mr. Stevens was followed by Mr. Bolander who strongly condemned the present mode of teaching spelling, after which he presented some interesting ideas upon the origin of words.

On motion, Mr. Rowe, the Institute adjourned to meet at two o'clock P. M.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

Institute met at 2 P. M. Superintendent Freeman in the chair. Roll called and the following members failed to answer to their names: S. T. DePencier, Edward Anderson, Mrs. M. C. Rosboro and George P. Rowe.

Mrs. Carroll, assisted by the choir then dispensed some excellent music. The following additional persons were enrolled as members of the Institute: Miss A. Phelps, Clover District; T. G. Kendrick, Lisbon; John Pendegast, Prairie; P. M. Savage, Centre; Miss Rossa Kelly, Plainfield; Miss Alice M. Templeton, Buchanan; L. G. Rhodes, Merritt; R. W. Pendegast, North Grafton; W. H. Ludden, Cottonwood; Miss Mary Van Guilder, Washington; Miss Ella Taylor, Washington; Miss S. E. Lowe, Canyon; J. W. Hill, Fairfield; W. H. Edwards, Monitor; C. O. Perkins, Fairview.

Miss Alice Jones then introduced the subject of Grammar, and explained her method of teaching that branch by means of charts without the aid of text books. An animated discussion then ensued in regard to the analysis of several difficult sentences, which was participated in by the State Superintendent and others.

On motion, Miss M. E. Freeman and John Pendegast were added to the Committee on Introduction.

The Superintendent then extended an invitation to the members of the Institute to attend a social reunion at the residence of Mrs. Cross.

On motion the Institute adjourned to meet at 9 A. M. Thursday.

THURSDAY MORNING.

Institute called to order at 9 o'clock A. M. Superintendent Freeman in the chair. Roll called. Absent—M. Whitford, Mrs. M. C. Rosboro, Miss A. O. Clark, Miss C. A. Cole, John Pendegast and L. G. Rhodes.
Minutes of Wednesday's proceedings were read and approved.

Mrs. Rosboro and Mr. Rowe were excused for absence at previous calling of the roll.

The names of Professors Martin, Sturges, Elston and Hines, of Hesperian College, and Miss Bell Cady, of Franklin District, were enrolled as additional members of the Institute.

Arithmetic being the next subject under consideration, Mr. Templeton demonstrated his method of teaching Fractions.

On motion a recess of ten minutes was given.

This was followed by music by the choir, after which the subject of Percentage was ably discussed by Prof. Sturges.

The choir then rendered another excellent piece when the Institute was declared adjourned.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

Institute met at 1:30 P. M. Superintendent Freeman in the chair. Roll called and Miss A. Phelps, S. T. DePencier, F. A. Pedler, M. Whitford, Edward Anderson, E. S. Brooks, H. B. Pendegast, Mrs. M. C. Rosboro, Miss M. E. Freeman, Miss C. A. Cole, Miss Minnie C. Bell, Miss A. O. Clark, Miss Alice M. Templeton, R. W. Pendegast, Miss Mary Van Guilder, Miss Ella Taylor, Miss S. E. Lowe, Miss Alice Jones, J. W. Hill, were reported absent.

Music by the choir.

Mr. John Pendegast made some very interesting remarks upon his method of teaching Physiology by a system of oral instruction. The subject was then discussed at some length by several of the members.

F. A. Pedler introduced an algebra class from his school and gave a practical illustration of his method of conducting classes in that study.

On motion, Prof. E. P. Howe, of Sacramento, was elected an honorary member of the Institute.

An invitation was extended to Prof. Elston to give an exercise in Education. A recess of ten minutes was declared.

H. W. FISKE, Secretary.

EVERY family should be supplied with "Perry Davis Pain-Killer." Its magic effect in removing pain from all parts of the body has given it a world-wide reputation. No family having once used this medicine would willingly be without it.

BUTTER and cheese are almost indispensable articles of food. Properly used, they are nutritious and healthful; but an untimely use of either of these articles causes dyspepsia, or severe griping pains; if so, use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment internally.

HAVE you a sore in the face; and is it badly swollen? Have you severe pain in the chest, back or side? Have you cramps or pain in the stomach or bowels? Have you a cold or a severe griping pain? If so, use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment internally.

Living Advertisements.

A medicine that has done more than all the prescriptions of the pharmacopoeia to protect the human system against the bodily ills so periodically visited by unhealthy surroundings, is certainly worthy of universal confidence. It is mainly on account of its extraordinary preventive properties that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is so exceedingly popular in localities subject to the visitation of miasmatic fever and other diseases produced by impure air.

A family that has escaped sickness during a sticky season in consequence of using the Bitters as a safeguard, is a living advertisement of the virtues of the preparation. The whole neighborhood realizes the fact, and the result is that it sells one. I scarcely needed the advertisement; but one must believe what one sees, says another. "It is the very thing we need in this unwholesome section of country," remarks a third. "And it is the best remedy for self-defense, the first law of nature, induces three-fourths of that community to obtain a supply of the great and reliable medicine, the next sticky season sets in. In winter, when the system grows cold, and the elasticity is enabled to baffle the effects of damp and cold, the Bitters will not be apt to fasten upon muscles and nerves that have been brought to a state of relaxation and nervousness; nor will the severity of the season, which have such a disastrous effect on the patient, be so much felt. The stomach and the external surface of the body (which always sympathize with the digestive organs) have been fortified and invigorated by the use of the Bitters. The digestion is improved, and the system is able to resist the sudden changes of weather which may be averted by a timely use of the Bitters.

MARRIED.—In Woodland, Nov. 8th, by Wm. Minis, Justice of the Peace, G. W. Griffin and Miss Anne Brown were united in marriage.

At the residence of James W. Bandy, Esq., Nov. 8th, by the Rev. J. N. Pendegast, M. D., of Marysville, to Miss Mary E. Bandy of Yolo.

We are glad to know that Miss Bandy is so happily united, for she is a very estimable lady of large acquaintance, and universally beloved. Though her husband is a stranger to us, we believe him to be one who will make her a good wife really happy. We earnestly wish that this little of sorrow and much of joy will be shared through a long and prosperous life. We acknowledge our compliments received.

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Prospectus for 1874.

SEVENTH YEAR.

The Aldine,

An Illustrated Monthly Journal, universally admitted to be the handsomest, most artistic and most valuable of the kind published in America.

Not for sale in Book or News Stores!

THE ALDINE, being issued with all the regularity, has none of the temporary or passing character of ordinary publications. It is an elegant miscellany of pure light and graceful illustrations, and a most complete and valuable reference work. The Aldine is a unique and original publication, and one of the most valuable of the kind published in America.

Not for sale in Book or News Stores!

ART DEPARTMENT 1874.

A world-wide reputation has been attained by the Aldine in the art department. The common prejudice in favor of "steel plate" illustrations is yielding to a more educated and discriminating taste which recognizes the advantages of superior artistic quality with greater facility of production. The wood-cut of the ALDINE possesses all the delicate and beautiful qualities of the steel plate, while they afford a better rendering of the artist's original.

In addition to designs by the members of the National Academy of Design, and other American artists, THE ALDINE will reproduce examples of the best foreign masters of the art. The Aldine is a unique and original publication, and one of the most valuable of the kind published in America.

Not for sale in Book or News Stores!

Premium for 1874.

Every subscriber to THE ALDINE for the year 1874 will receive a pair of chromos. The original pictures are painted in oil for the publishers of THE ALDINE, by Thomas Moran, Esq., a great artist, and are purchased by Congress for ten thousand dollars. The subjects were chosen to represent the grandest scenery of the United States. The Aldine is a unique and original publication, and one of the most valuable of the kind published in America.

Not for sale in Book or News Stores!

TERMS.—\$5 per annum in advance, with Oil Chromos free.

For 50 cents extra, the Chromos will be sent Mounted, Varished, and ready for use.

THE ALDINE will, hereafter, be obtainable only by subscription. There will be no reduced or club rates; cash for subscriptions must be sent to the publishers, or to the local canvasser, without responsibility to the publishers.

CANVASSERS WANTED.—Any person wishing to receive full and prompt remuneration for their services, by selling THE ALDINE, may do so by applying to

JAMES SUTTON & Co., Publishers,
707 S. MAIN ST., NEW YORK.

White House!

WOODLAND!

ATTENTION!

We take pleasure in informing the public that we are now

RECEIVING DAILY FROM THE EAST

A New and Complete Stock of

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods,

Empress Cloths,

India Cloths,

Poplins, Silks,

Great Variety of Custom-Made

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,

OF THE LATEST STYLES!

Bristol Three-Ply Ingrain Carpets,

Oil Cloth, Mattings, Wall Paper

and Window Curtains.

We call particular attention of the Trade to our

COMPLETE STOCK

CALIFORNIA CUSTOM MADE

MEN'S & BOYS' BOOTS!

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes!

The Lost Found!

THE GREAT

SAN FRANCISCO AUCTION STORE!

Has Bought at a Very Large

SHERIFF'S SALE

A Select Stock of

SEASONABLE GOODS!

Of the Very Best Qualities, at

SLAUGHTERING PRICES!

Which enables us to offer the benefit of the

ENTIRE STOCK AT ASTONISHING PRICES.

Golden Chances to Everybody.

LOOK AT THIS OFFER OF THE GREAT

SALE

Ladies' High-Cut Kid-Foxed

Shoes at \$1.50—worth double!

Ladies' Calf Shoes—our own

make—\$1.75 per pair; sold everywhere

for \$2.00!

Misses' and Children's Shoes,

High-Cut Kid Foxed, \$1.25—worth \$2.00;

for \$2.00!

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

GENTS' AND BOYS' BOOTS!

Gents' Boots of Best Manufacture

from \$3.00—worth double!

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING

IN VERY LARGE VARIETY AND

BEST QUALITIES.

AT

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

Mens' Suits from \$10 to \$20—

worth double!

Mens' Pants from 75 cents to \$5.

We have also received a Complete Stock of

DRY GOODS!

FANCY GOODS!

SHAWLS,

Of Every Style and Various Low Prices.

ALSO—

A VERY LARGE STOCK OF

BLANKETS & FLANNELS,

To Suit Everybody in Quality and Price.

Notions, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Hosiery, Gloves, English Cutlery,

Pipes, Tobacco of best brands,

Jewelry, and a full assortment of

Crockery and Glassware at astonishing

reducing prices.

Ladies', Gents' and Boys' Hats,

from \$2.50 to \$5.00—sold elsewhere from

\$3.50 to \$5.00.

TRUNKS, BAGS AND VALISES,

And, in fact, an endless variety of everything,

too numerous to mention, and at prices

which defy competition, at the GREAT

SAN FRANCISCO AUCTION STORE.

Call and examine our prices and

satisfy yourself that the Cheapest

House

THE YOLO DEMOCRAT.

SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. 7.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1873.

NO. 1.

Presentiment.

When lingering late on the mountains,
The gray mist lighted the day;
Lies tenderly, while all the valley
In twilight is chilly and gray.
I think of your life, as it seems to me,
Flushed with love's colors divine,
And sudden, remembering the darkness
That long ago fell upon mine.

I stand, truly, down in the shadows;
Yet see how they creep I know how they creep
As night comes to cover the mountain;
No trouble shall come to your eyes.
But with darkness and sorrow encompassed,
Mountain and valley and sea,
Are still in their places—and you are
No nearer—no nearer to me.

There is nothing I ask of you—nothing!
When you come to the mountains from the south,
Blow up and blow over us, turning
To white the water red of your mouth—
And while wings of wind in horror,
And white wings fly up on the sand,
You will shrink from the pallid foreboding
Of Fate—but will not understand.

Your quiet gray eyes in the gloaming
Shall come to me clearly—yet past;
For the night is to come, and the tender
Pale color is yet on the grass.
Not yet over seaway and highway
Has Fate driven you. Let us wait
Least shadow of knowledge should hasten
The fast flying footsteps of Fate.

I tell the dear day in its glory,
And live while life clings to your side;
Look out on the lovely blue water,
Now think of the turn of the tide—
Of the night that comes surely—ah, surely,
With storm-birds blown from the sea;
But rest still content and beloved,
Unmindful of storms and of me!

Mrs. Pomeroy's Pin-Money.

Nellie Winthrop was one of those fortunate individuals whom God endows with active brain, healthy body, and that peculiar trait which is best characterized by "spirit." She was fortunate, because she was left, when a mere child, to the charity of the world, which, as every one knows, sometimes resembles that of certain Indian tribes—letting the weakly children die off lest they become troublesome. But the world honors spirit, and when it saw that the little maiden was determined to beat down all opposition with her own tiny fists, it straightway smiled upon her; so Nellie found work here and there, and friends to counsel her, until she accumulated a little money. Then she went to school, and in course of time became competent to teach in the common schools; and proud enough she felt when she found herself sole mistress of a dozen backward children. Then teaching and studying alternately, she struggled on, until she found herself one of the most acceptable lady teachers of her native state. Districts that mourned over peculiarly intractable pupils were her's to subjugate; and many a willful dandy did she lead with firm, but gentle hand, up the hill of science.

And how she loved her work; and how she rejoiced in her freedom, and her well-earned independence; and how her black eyes sparkled as she affirmed that she would always be "her own mistress."

But alas! she went to the rural village of Colebrook to teach during the Fall and Winter, and there she met Chester Pomeroy, a fine young farmer, and a mile from town. He loved her from the moment he saw her winsome face looking up from Equire Gilman's pew in church; and she confessed to herself, as she stood up so straight in the gallery, leading the choir, and swelling out grandly on the tenor, that he was "well enough," which was considerable for Nellie Winthrop to admit of any young man.

Equire Gilman's wife was Chester's aunt, and with her consent and womanly assistance, a match was made; and before Spring, Nellie yielded her boasted independence. There were some who said it was a shame for her to marry a farmer; a college professor would not be half good enough. But she thought, "Nellie loved the farmer better than any professor; so, when her school finished, she sat down to Mrs. Gilman's sewing machine, and modestly stitched away at her outfit."

Mrs. Gilman made an old-fashioned quilting, too, so that each enthusiastic lady friend could "set a stitch" for Nellie; and her parlors were filled with those who had learned to love the energetic young teacher.

"Ah, Nellie," said Miss Eunice Perkins, who was just a little past thirty, "You'll have to give up your independent ways when you are married. How do you think you'll relish going to your husband for all your money? Looking up so keenly as she threaded her needle."

Nellie tossed her head in a very unsubdued style as she answered: "I'd like to see the man that could make a beggar of me, Miss Perkins. I expect to help do the work, and then share in the profits. I would like to know what right a man has to call everything his? But then, I do not anticipate any difficulty, and a quick blush rose to Nellie's cheek as she thought, "Chester is too generous to be like other men—bless him!"

Miss Perkins arched her eyebrows, and Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Middleton exchanged glances, which said as plainly as words could have done, "Poor child, you don't know anything about it. We thought just so once."

Time passed on, and Nellie Winthrop became Mrs. Pomeroy, and took her place among the matrons of the land. Her husband had been able to pay but little, as yet, toward his farm, which he had purchased of wealthy and miserly old Mr. Goldthwait. So, to lessen his burden, Nellie spent all her precious earnings in furnishings for the cozy farmhouse, of which she was installed mistress.

The manifold duties of housekeeping were new to her; but she assumed them with the same courage and energy that had characterized her whole life, and soon conquered even the mysteries of butter-making and poultry-raising. She blustered her hands almost daily, and grew as brown as a gypsy in making excursions over the farm to assist and encourage Chester's numerous enterprises.

But she was happy and cheerful over her "unaccustomed labors," for wasn't everything to be done by and by?

Thus brightly the summer months passed, and the early Autumn. The butter was sold, and Chester announced, with pardonable pride, that it brought the very highest price. The apples went next, and then the plump chickens that Nellie had so assiduously watched; then the wheat and oats, and everything that could well be spared, went to swell the income.

Chester was jubilant over the result. "I tell you, Nellie," said he, "it's worth everything to have a good wife. Mr. Goldthwait wants to get the farm back into his hands, but he can't do it, for the second payment is ready for him, and I have considerable money besides."

Nellie heard all this, and rejoiced with him; but she began to wonder vaguely when she was to receive her share of the wonderful income.

Not a cent had she in the once well-filled purse; and as she carefully surveyed her boots, she fully realized that even the strong ties, supposed to exist between sole and upper leather, must yield to the footsteps of time. She was so hard on boots! "And who wouldn't be?" she said to herself grimly, "travelling all over the house, and out into the yard every half hour to see if a stray hawk is after my chickens?"

When the cold November winds began to blow, Mrs. Nellie said to herself, "It is no use, my face looks like a red glove, and my boots grow worse and worse. I must stay at home from church."

But no, her husband would not listen to that; he felt lost without her company, and her alto in the choir. So, without telling him the cause of the proposition, she retrimmed her old hat, mended her second-best kids, and patched her boots with the aid of an awl to piece the sole. Not being a cobbler by profession, her fingers received painful wounds which made her feel almost exasperated, and she concluded that it were not as blind as bats by nature, Chester would see that she needed some new ones. He, innocent heart, thought she looked uncommonly well, as she appeared on Sunday morning, arrayed in her "old things," and although she took pains to put the worst foot forward as she stepped into the carriage, Chester only thought, "What a pretty little foot my wife has got!"

His new broadcloth suit, so stout and firmly made, was warranted to last a year at least, and what should he know of a woman's wants?

Monday morning, Nellie scrubbed out her clothes with more than usual care; for, torturing thoughts make one's hands move quickly; and the day before, while in Sabbath school, she had been horrified to see that her impromptu cobbling was proving treacherous, and her feet were in danger of being exposed.

Chester expects my clothes will last forever," said she to herself. "Maybe he expects I'll ask him for money, but I cannot! Oh, dear, I cannot! Haven't I earned anything, I'll tell you! And isn't it right for him to give me a part of the gain? I guess I could take care of myself better than he does it," and a few tears ran down her cheeks, thinking it strange, oh, ye lovers of independence!

That night, on his return from the village, Chester tossed a bundle into her lap, saying: "I've got some splendid cloth there for a vest, Nellie! I have always bought my clothing ready-made, but I think this will make it so nicely—and it will save two dollars."

Nellie told him she would try to do it, and then, as if she thought had just occurred to her, she added: "By the way, Chester, I think I must have some new boots made this week."

"Well, I'd go to Stearns' and get some then, if I were you. He's just got his new goods," and Chester unfolded his paper and began to read. Poor Nellie bit her lip, and wondered if other husbands were as slow to take a hint as hers was proving himself to be. She said not another word, however, and the next afternoon, got ready for her shopping expedition—and waited for her legs to be provided with the necessary funds.

But he sat writing at his desk, oblivious of all domestic cares, and at length she said, with an assumed nonchalance: "Can you let me have some money, Chester?"

"Oh, yes, you haven't any, have you?" and he drew out his wallet and began to count the bills therein.

"There's five—that must go to Mr. Jackson for the use of his team; and three—my minister's tax exactly; and ten—this goes for a new night-robe; and two—you can have that, I guess," separating it from the rest; "Will that do?"

Nellie's face grew white and then red, and her heart beat so that she could hardly answer: "I will try to make it."

Chester looked up, thinking her voice did not sound just natural; but she had turned toward the window.

"There's some change you can have too," said he, adding several pieces of scrip to the bill. She took the money, thrust it into her pocket, and walked rapidly away; but her thoughts ran somewhat after this fashion: "And so my claim is last and least in his estimation. I suppose that is the reason why so many women grow so sort of misanthropic. I don't know. Her husband's money would have tingled could he have known these reflections, but as it was, he only looked after her and thought what a fortunate fellow he was to get such a wife."

After purchasing an inferior pair of boots, Mrs. Nellie found that she had thirty cents remaining, which was speedily invested in pins, needles, and thread, and she returned home resolved "to labor and to wait" a little while longer.

A few days after this, as she was bending over the table trying to cut Chester's vest, Miss Eunice Perkins called, and after a few minutes desultory chat, the worthy spinster drew from her pocket a paper, which she handed to Nellie, saying as she did so: "We are trying to get money to purchase a silk dress for a

Christmas present to our pastor's wife. As the gentlemen are trying to do something for the pastor, we ladies intend to get her dress among ourselves. Some one reminded me to come to you; you used to be so liberal in your subscriptions."

Nellie tried to read the well-known names already on the paper, but a film seemed to come before her eyes, and she felt the blood rushing to her cheeks. She tried to smile, however, as she said: "I really haven't any money by me to-day, Miss Perkins—and I can't tell you—I think you need not rely on me for anything."

Miss Perkins gave a little feminine shriek. "There! there! now confess, Mrs. Pomeroy; isn't it just as I told you? Can you married ladies have half the independence that we single ones have?" and she tried to look very knowing.

"Have I ever said but that I have enough of everything?" asked Nellie, with a little of the dignity that used to subdue troublesome boys.

"Oh, no, of course not. Everybody says you're just an excellent husband; and I am sure I don't mean anything. You know it is my way to joke a little occasionally, and you remember our little talk about pin-money," and with continued protestations, Miss Perkins slid the paper into her pocket, and took her departure. Then Nellie put her head down on the table and had a good cry. When Christmas came, she thought of the pretty dressing-gown she had made for Chester the year before, when she was only engaged; and wished she could do as much again, "but what would a present be worth, begged from his own pocket?" said she.

Chester's gift to her was a wringing-machine. The year before it was a book of poems; but then, the machine was vastly more useful, and given with an undiminished affection she knew, only it was "so practical."

Nellie did not ask for any more money during the winter, although her feet were making a purchase while Chester leaned over the counter to offer well-meant advice, and then afterward paid for it from his own pocket.

Not but that he was willing to do this, but she thought her much better to make a good seamstress to count the money from her own little purse, as she used to do. It was very natural, under the circumstances, for Nellie to wish that she could do something in addition to her daily duties that would bring the longed-for "pin-money," but not until the following May was there an opportunity. Then, as she was passing his house one afternoon, old Mr. Stanley accosted her. "Mrs. Pomeroy," said he, "if you was not a married woman, I should be after you to teach our district school this summer. We have got some good-sized girls that would go, if I could find the right kind of a teacher."

How much will you give me if I will take the school?" asked Nellie, trying to conceal her delight at the proposition.

"Wouldn't take it, would you now?" said the old man. "I'd give you—well, I'd give you fifty dollars. You'd be well to home, of course."

"I will let you know my decision to-morrow morning," Mr. Stanley, but please don't mention that I think of teaching."

That night Chester was informed of her "splendid plan." "You see the schoolhouse is so near us, and a nice long time before we get to it, and so he at last consented, and the school was engaged.

With unfaltering courage, and a feeling of her old independence, Nellie commenced her work. She went every day, as he was trying to plan and calculate for the payment, he happened to think of Nellie's fifty dollars; and then his mind was at rest, for he felt sure it would be sufficient to make up all deficiencies. The school was in full swing, and Mr. Stanley promptly gave Nellie the promised wages, saying as he did so that she had earned double the sum, which was sweet music in her ears. Tears of gratitude filled her eyes, and as she hurried home, she felt as if she had just been paid for a long time.

Nellie never taught again, save when she established an infant school in her own kitchen; but no subscription paper ever gave her sinking feelings, nor did she ever resume the trade of cobbler; for in her own little purse was punctually deposited what Chester laughingly called her "monthly dividends."—Wood's Magazine.

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Miss Perkins gave a little feminine shriek. "There! there! now confess, Mrs. Pomeroy; isn't it just as I told you? Can you married ladies have half the independence that we single ones have?" and she tried to look very knowing.

"Have I ever said but that I have enough of everything?" asked Nellie, with a little of the dignity that used to subdue troublesome boys.

"Oh, no, of course not. Everybody says you're just an excellent husband; and I am sure I don't mean anything. You know it is my way to joke a little occasionally, and you remember our little talk about pin-money," and with continued protestations, Miss Perkins slid the paper into her pocket, and took her departure. Then Nellie put her head down on the table and had a good cry. When Christmas came, she thought of the pretty dressing-gown she had made for Chester the year before, when she was only engaged; and wished she could do as much again, "but what would a present be worth, begged from his own pocket?" said she.

Chester's gift to her was a wringing-machine. The year before it was a book of poems; but then, the machine was vastly more useful, and given with an undiminished affection she knew, only it was "so practical."

Nellie did not ask for any more money during the winter, although her feet were making a purchase while Chester leaned over the counter to offer well-meant advice, and then afterward paid for it from his own pocket.

Not but that he was willing to do this, but she thought her much better to make a good seamstress to count the money from her own little purse, as she used to do. It was very natural, under the circumstances, for Nellie to wish that she could do something in addition to her daily duties that would bring the longed-for "pin-money," but not until the following May was there an opportunity. Then, as she was passing his house one afternoon, old Mr. Stanley accosted her. "Mrs. Pomeroy," said he, "if you was not a married woman, I should be after you to teach our district school this summer. We have got some good-sized girls that would go, if I could find the right kind of a teacher."

How much will you give me if I will take the school?" asked Nellie, trying to conceal her delight at the proposition.

"Wouldn't take it, would you now?" said the old man. "I'd give you—well, I'd give you fifty dollars. You'd be well to home, of course."

"I will let you know my decision to-morrow morning," Mr. Stanley, but please don't mention that I think of teaching."

That night Chester was informed of her "splendid plan." "You see the schoolhouse is so near us, and a nice long time before we get to it, and so he at last consented, and the school was engaged.

With unfaltering courage, and a feeling of her old independence, Nellie commenced her work. She went every day, as he was trying to plan and calculate for the payment, he happened to think of Nellie's fifty dollars; and then his mind was at rest, for he felt sure it would be sufficient to make up all deficiencies. The school was in full swing, and Mr. Stanley promptly gave Nellie the promised wages, saying as he did so that she had earned double the sum, which was sweet music in her ears. Tears of gratitude filled her eyes, and as she hurried home, she felt as if she had just been paid for a long time.

Nellie never taught again, save when she established an infant school in her own kitchen; but no subscription paper ever gave her sinking feelings, nor did she ever resume the trade of cobbler; for in her own little purse was punctually deposited what Chester laughingly called her "monthly dividends."—Wood's Magazine.

sewing; not looking up even when she heard his crust coming thump, thump, thump across the floor.

"Nellie, it's just as I feared. Hear this," and then he read the missive with its cruel threat, that unless the money was brought that night, Mr. Goldthwait would take the place.

"Isn't that too bad? What will you do?" asked Nellie sympathizingly.

"I can't make up the five hundred unless you let me have your money, now that this is a fact," was the desperate answer.

"Well, I'll see what I can do," said Nellie coolly, as she brought forth her treasure.

"There is ten, that will buy a new dress; and ten, a cloak; and five, a hat or bonnet; and ten—I shall need that for boots, gloves, and other little things. I think I can get you have fifteen dollars," looking up innocently. A grievous look spread all over Chester's face; the corners of his mouth began to twitch, and if he had not been a man, and six feet high, he would have cried.

"What?" and then Nellie had both arms around his neck, and the bills were all thrust into his hand. "I meant you should have them all," she sobbed.

"What made you act so, then? how could you be so—so provoking?" said Chester.

Then Mrs. Nellie sat up very straight, and said she, "Did you hate to ask me for that money, Chester?"

"Nellie! that was the answer."

"Well, why haven't you asked for it before?"

"Because, you know I wanted it days and days ago; and I thought you ought to offer it. Of course, I didn't want to come to you like some old beggar," said Chester.

Nellie clasped her hands. "I want to tell you a little story now," said she. "There was once a girl who had always earned her money, and fought her way in the world alone, and succeeded well, too."

"But she was foolish enough to get married; and then she had to work twice as hard as ever before, and have double the care; but for all that, she never received a single penny without asking her husband for it; nor did she spend one without his knowing what she received in return."

"Now this was very humiliating; and sometimes she would think she never could get any more money, and then she would cry and cry, and Chester, you don't know how I have cried, it seemed so."

"Why, Nellie, why, darling! I never thought you did you feel like that? But is different, you know, with you. Women never—why they expect to ask their husbands."

"It isn't one bit different, either," cried Nellie, dashing the tears away. "I am as sensitive as you are; and there is nothing I dread worse than asking for money. Hundreds of women feel just so, too, only it's the custom for them to be domestic beggars, and they dislike to make a fuss; but I'd like to hear one say, 'beating I ever got in my life. In deed, I did not think there was a sound bone in my body. But I promised to pay him back with interest, even if I was leaving for America, and I have done it. In two years I got good work in America, good health, and money to the fore; so I made up my mind to go to Spindle fair this year to pay Magraw his interest, and then tramp up the hills to the old cabin. It was the last day of the fair when I arrived at Spindle, and I had not been there an hour when I heard a voice like Magraw's come from the door of a shanty. As soon as I approached, Magraw's head came out, and I tapped it with my blackthorn stick, and he dropped it. I cried out, 'That's the principal, and if you will stand up I will give you the interest.' And then half the fair gathered round and cried: 'It is Tim Ryan come from America to beat Magraw!' And they made a ring for me, and I said, 'I want to say to myself, ma'am, they told me afterward that it was as pretty a fight as they had ever seen. The whole fair was talking about it. Indeed, I did give him principal and interest, and my own laid up cash to count them. So now, I am going to see my mother, and can then return to America with nothing on my mind.'—Harper's Magazine.

A Few Words about Washing.—Put your clothes in good hands the day before washing; in the morning wash out of the water, warming it by the addition of hot water if desirable; put into boiling water, let them boil ten or fifteen minutes; wash out of the boil with the hands; rinse them in cold water. I have washed in this way for some years, and am always successful in having white clothes, and getting my washing out early in the day.

QUICKLY-MADE FRUIT CAKE.—Take three eggs, one cup of sour cream, one cup of butter, four cups of flour, two and one-half cups of raisins, chopped fine, two cups brown sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, one of cloves, and one of cinnamon; bake slowly.

BAKED EGGS.—Beat up six eggs, one tablespoonful of flour, six of sweet milk; melt your butter in the frying pan; when hot, turn the whole in, well beaten, and bake in a hot oven.

Ministerial absent-mindedness is thus illustrated by an exchange. "One of our eloquent preachers, noted for his affability, desiring to forward to a party to whom he was indebted, a check for \$100, drew the check for that amount, wrote his letter and posted it, and on his return home found the check lying on his desk. He immediately wrote another letter, stating the error, put the check in his pocket and deposited the letter in the post office. Finding the check a few hours later the reverend gentleman was compelled to write a third letter, explaining the second one."

HOUSEHOLD.

FRUIT ON THE TABLE.—First in the list of dinner-table decorations we would place a dish of choice fruit. There is something quite appetizing in the appearance of such an ornament, although it does not lead to gluttony; and a cheerful-looking table tends greatly to put those who surround it in the same mood, and thereby add digestion. Apples and pears are very abundant in almost every part of the country; and judging from our own observation not one housewife in twenty ever thinks of setting a dish of them upon the table to be eaten at the regular meal at the very time that fruit should be used to promote health. It may not always be convenient to have fruit upon the table, but other things may be used to take its place as an ornament if not for food.

FLOWERS ON THE TABLE.—In summer a bouquet of flowers set in a vase, or a few sprigs of some handsome plants, no matter whether they are rare or otherwise, let something of this kind be used to make the table look cheerful and inviting in addition to the food placed before the family. The arrangement of a bouquet is a study, and a study for the whole household, each and every member will sooner or later want a hand in this matter, and excellent, refined, artistic taste will grow out of so small a thing as a bunch of flowers or a handful of leaves.

In winter, sprigs of evergreens, dried grasses, or immortelles may be used. A few plants of creeping myrtle or ivy can be placed in the cellar or left outside, where they can be reached any time during the weather, and a few twigs of these brought into use whenever required.

Those who keep house plants always have the materials at hand for table decorations, and they should be used liberally and constantly, varying the arrangement as often and widely as possible. If we could only impress upon mothers, and housewives in general, the importance of placing food before their household in an attractive dress, as well as making it wholesome, we should have well repaid for giving daily or weekly lectures upon this subject. It is not costly dishes or their number that make a table look inviting, but it consists more in the arrangement, with those little desirable touches which a woman's taste gives without knowing why or wherefore. It is these little things that make home attractive, and stamp the character of men and women.

CHOWDER.—Cover the bottom of a stove kettle with slices of fat pork; over this a layer of fresh fish, and a layer of potatoes, pared; then slices of pork again, and so on, until the kettle is full. Sprinkle each layer with pepper and salt, if the pork is fresh. Some prefer butter instead of the pork, except for the bottom layer. Onions are sliced in as seasoning for those who prefer onion soup. Pour over this one quart of water, cover tightly, and stew nearly an hour, or until the potatoes are done. The length of time in which it will cook will vary somewhat according to the size of the potatoes.

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Boil one quart of green peas twenty minutes in two quarts of water, then add one quart of fresh peas, and one quart of water. Pour one-half cup of milk (sweet) over the soup, and let it boil about a minute after the dumplings are put in. Season with pepper and salt. Very nice soup may be made this way by using green sweet corn, cut from the cob, instead of peas; and potatoes pared and sliced, with an onion or two added, makes an excellent soup after this manner.

SALT-RISING BREAD.—To one pint of boiling water, add one-fourth teaspoonful salt, one-fourth teaspoonful soda, one tablespoonful sugar (brown is best), When cool enough to bear the finger in it, thicken with flour to the consistency of jelly cake; put into a vessel of warm water, and keep just as warm as the batter will bear without cooking it. It will rise about the middle of the day, if started about six in the morning; this, with water added will make two loaves.

THE PRIEST AND HIS DINNER.—An Irish priest was standing at the corner of a square about the hour of dinner, when one of his countrymen, observing the worthy father in perplexity, thus addressed him:

"O, Father O'Leary, how is your riverence?"

"Mightily put out, Pat," was the reply.

"Put out! Who'd put out your riverence?"

"Ah, you don't understand, that is just it. I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgotten the name, and I never looked at the number, and now it is nearly one o'clock."

"Oh, is that all?" was the reply.

"Just now be aisy, your riverence; I'll settle that for you."

"So saying, away flew the good-natured currier around the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door and inquired:

"Is Father O'Leary here?"

As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed:

"No; bother on Father O'Leary, he is not here, but he was to dine here to-day, and the cook is in a rage, and says the dinner will be spoiled. All is waiting for Father O'Leary."

Paddy, leaping from the door as the steps were on fire, rushed up to the astonished priest, saying:

"All is right, your riverence; you dine at forty-three, and a mighty good dinner you'll get."

"O, Pat," said the grateful pastor, "the blessings of a hungry man be upon you!"

"Long life and happiness to your riverence, I have got your malady. I only wish I had your cure."

ANECDOTES.

A SEVERE SATIRE.—A most ridiculous affair happened in the Rio harbor recently. An ice ship from Boston entered the bay, commanded by a Captain Green, in the South American trade. Port Santa Cruz, not recognizing his house flag, ordered him to "heave to." But the worthy skipper didn't speak Portuguese, and the simple statement of the name of his vessel, which he hurled at the fort, was not at all satisfactory; so a blank shot was fired as a mild suggestion for him to stop. But he called for his revolver, and pointing it skyward, fired six successive shots.

Then a solid shot from the fort skipped across his bow, and another, better aimed, passed through his fore-sail. The fort and two shore batteries opened fire upon him, and several of his light spars were cut away. But he held on his way rejoicing, loading and firing his revolver. Finally he reached quarantine, and came to anchor just as his flying jib-boom was by the fort. He was then so near the other shipping that they dared fire on him no longer, and the police boat, the Custom House boat and the health boat all boarded him together with the captain of the port, who, with more vigor than politeness, wanted to know "Why in— he didn't heave to?" "Heave to!" ejaculated the astounded skipper. "Was that what you wanted? Good Lord! I thought you was saluting the American flag!" "Stinking halt he called!" "grand he should be kicking!" "lifting the feet well up!" "If a mare have a farcical disease, he name it 'out of Comedy,' and sell it Blackbird for a racer, because he hath a running thrush. Horses that drink only water are justly warranted to 'be temperate,' and if dead lame, declare it them good 'in all their places,' seeing that they can go but one. Roaring he calleth 'sound,' and a steed that high bloweth running, he compares to a turkey, for he outstrippeth the wind. Another might be entered as a stepple chaser, for why he—as fast as a church. Thorough-pin with him is synonymous with 'perfect leg.' If a nag cougheth, it is a clever hack." If his knees be fractured, he is "well broke for the gig or saddle." If he reareth he is "above sixteen hands high." If he hath drawn a tierce in a cart he is a good fencer. If he biteh he shows good courage; and he is playful, merrily, though he should be chafed the devil. If he runneth away, he calleth him "off the Greta Road, and has been used to carrying a lady." If a cob stumbleth, he considers him a true goner, and addeth, the proprietor parted from him to go abroad." Thus, without much profession of religion, yet he is truly christian-like in practice, for he dealeth not in detraction, and would not disparage the character even of a brute. Like unto Love, he is blind unto all blemishes, and sees only a virtuous horse, for he gazeth at a vice. He taketh a kick of a nag's hoof like a love token, saying only before bystanders-by, "poor fellow—he knoweth me!" and is content rather to pass as a bad rider than that the horse should be held restless or over mettlesome, which discharges him from his back. If he hath bitten him besides, and moreover bruised his limb against the coach wheel, then, constantly returning good, he giveth it but he hath observed, and recomendeth it before all the stud in his stable. In short, the worse a horse may be, the more he chaneth his praise, like a crow that crowseth over Old Ball, whose lot it is on a common to meet with the Countess Lot.—Tom Hood's Whims and Oddities.

Dr. Newberry's "Report on the Geology of Ohio" contains a chapter on the origin of prairies, in which views are advanced that bear directly upon the question of forest-planting, and which, if accepted, may serve to materially check the progress of this work. Our readers will, doubtless, recall a recent review of the report of the character of the meteorological observatory at Central Park, in which it was made apparent that the clearing of the Western primeval forest was followed by no evident diminution in the average yearly rainfall. Although this opinion was directly opposed to the prevailing idea as to the influence of vegetation on the yearly rainfall, yet it was supported by such evidence as to secure for it our endorsement, and now we find that Professor Newberry takes similar ground. A review of his arguments suggests the conclusion that the light rainfall upon the prairie-regions of the West is not a result of the absence of trees, but rather the cause—that had there been rain there could have been trees. The Mississippi river, which is the source of the Mississippi pi into seven districts, with the relative rainfall and timber-growth as follows: 1. Lying between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, with thirty-two to sixty inches of annual rain and generally well wooded. 2. From the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, having ten to thirty inches of rain. 3. The Rocky Mountains, well watered and wooded. 4. The great basin between the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains, with two to sixteen inches rain, and sterile. 5. The Sierra Nevada, well watered and heavily timbered. 6. The California Valley; rainfall limited and intermittent; timber along the permanent streams. 7. The Coast Mountains, well timbered. Upon these tables the conclusion is reached that, for the vigorous growth of forest-trees, at least thirty inches of yearly rainfall is needed. The bearing of these facts is very broad, since, if fully proved, a change in the current of immigration may follow, leading new settlers to choose sites within the favored belts, and avoiding the prairies, since there seems little chance of shading them.—Appleton's Journal.

There were received at New York last week 2,553,122 bushels of wheat—nearly one million of bushels in excess of the receipts of any one week on record.

Egypt is reported to contain 118 navigable canals and 756 smaller ones, constructed for irrigation.

Russia is reported to have but 100 newspapers, Germany 2,300.

